



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 9. No. 7. 1st September, 1936



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SYDNEY
Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 9.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1936

No. 7

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 12th September, 1936,

The Club Man's Diary

Birthday honours for September (in bumpers):—Messrs. S. E. Chatterton, 17th; Percy Loutit, 19th; Albert Peel, 19th; Charlie Graves, 20th; W. Longworth, 26th; A. L. Brown, 30th.

Mr. Chatterton happens to be over the water, but Mr. Brown would be able to break it down—or build it up—for him in the correct measurements.

As Mr. Chatterton happens to be absent, however, and my birthday falls contemporaneously (or words to that effect) with his, perhaps Mr. Brown will toast him with me as proxy, then me personally, and I will return the compliment for Mr. Chatterton, and personally, on the 30th.

It sounds all right, like the music that goes round and round.

* * *

Horoscopists declare that those born in September suffer variations in fortune, but have artistic impulses, and compensations in other ways—an uplifting, so to speak, from "September Mourn" to "September Morn."

Don't tell me that you have never found a new thrill in that seductive "she-scape"!

* * *

Mr. Frank Carberry, formerly champion swimmer, has been nominated for president of Coogee Surf Club. Since retiring from active swimming his enthusiasm as a waterman has not waned, and the Coogee lads will find him among the happiest of their selections.

* * *

One of the brilliant products of the Rugby Union game is Vic. Richards, now with the Australian team on its New Zealand tour. He "is" outstanding in the sense that he could be chosen in a test game either as five-eighth, or three-quarter. You will not find many so versatile in classic company.

Vic. is a member of this club, as are his father, Mr. F. V. Richards, and his brother, Alex.

Another player of note is Joseph Aboud, son of the club member Mr. A. B. Aboud, and now en route to England with the King's School Old Boys' Team for a series of matches against school teams. We can pin our faith to this lad as a player and sportsman.

Mr. R. A. O. Martin, for many years in the forefront of Rugby Union administrators, has accompanied the team as manager. He was farewelled by executives of the Union at a cocktail party in the Club.



You will note here a reproduction of a picture sent along by Mr. Fred. Viner-Hall, who is on holiday at romantic Bali.

* * *

Mr. L. W. Farrar, son of Mr. Ernie Farrar, M.L.C., was married on August 29. This bright young man is assistant-secretary of the Employers' Federation, a responsible post for one of his years. He inherits from Dad good mixing qualities, astuteness and a confident approach, all of which should contribute to a notable future.

* * *

There has been a disposition to judge members of our Olympic team on the results hoisted in competition with the world's best. Is it altogether fair?

Consider the facts—a conception of sport in Australia as a pastime, purely amateur, stacked against a

system of regimentation, and the "nursing" of competitors over a period of time which, when we contemplate the Olympic oath of amateurism, tend to make us gulp.

It is a personal view that I express here, but amateurism, as reflected in many phases of the modern Olympiads, suggests itself as an awful sham. The old spirit of promoting international goodwill likewise has departed, or is on the point thereof.

All of which comes down to the point that, judged on times recorded, irrespective of competitive merit, our boys and girls have not done at all badly.

For example, Mr. Jim Kendall's son, Bill, was the first Australian to swim 100 metres in less than one minute. That, in itself, was an historic performance, and in that light we should regard it. And Bill accomplished the swim without having been barked at all day, and part of the night, by drill sergeant coaches!

In historical perspective we should remember, too, that the first swimmers in the world to break one minute for the 100 yards were Australians—Fred. Lane and Dick Cavill.

* * *

Has Dr. Yorke Pittar, captain of the golf club, heard this one?

An American millionaire and his daughter, on a visit to Sydney, entered the surf on a wild day. Poppa was beached by a lucky breaker, but daughter was in difficulties until rescued by a member of the surf club.

When Poppa wished to reward the rescuer, he answered: "Don't bother. It's all in a day's work." But the American insisted that, as a millionaire, he must buy the lad something. "Well, make it a couple of golf clubs," the Australian said.

Next Sunday the millionaire arrived on the beach and addressed the surfer: "Saay, I have secured Kensington for you, but am having a spot of trouble with Rose Bay."

Happily Mr. C. K. McClelland, assistant manager of Vacuum Oil Co., was introduced into membership of the club—nominated by his general manager, Mr. D. A. Aarons, and seconded by Mr. Tom Nicolson, general manager of the Shell Co. That's the spirit!

* * *

Mr. W. T. Kerr is back to good health, and we wish him the further tonic of a series of good wins which another sporting owner, Mr. John Spencer Brunton, has commended.

* * *

Since last issue death has thinned our ranks. Regretfully we record the passing of Messrs. Fred. Lightfoot-Walker, G. T. Michaelis, H. E. Tarte, J. B. Best, F. H. Fotheringham, C. Beacham and Dr. M. F. Fitzgerald. All left a bright memory of association.

* * *

Make a note: The club's Spring Meeting will be held on September 12, and the ninth annual ball on September 19.

* * *

Mention the name of Peter Dillon, of "Goonal" Station, Moree, N.S.W., to any resident of the north-west of Southern Queensland locality, and far beyond the limits of the boundaries encompassing the broad acres of those territories for that matter, and you will immediately be regaled with details and life history of a man whose tenacity of purpose, outstanding ability, and unbounded energy, overcame all obstacles raised by want of cash in early life, by floods, bush-fires, droughts, falling wool and stock markets, and the thousand and one other difficulties which regularly confront the Australian grazier.

To Peter, however, all such merely acted as a spur to greater endeavour, for if he has one characteristic more pronounced than another, it's the ability to overcome difficulties. As a matter of fact, he is always at his best when some apparently insur-

mountable difficulty looms on the horizon.

In his youthful days, Peter was a noted champion with the "blades" as the old-time sheep shears were popularly called, and used his ability to some purpose in swelling his bank account.

* * *

Doug. Webster floated through Sydney last month on his way back to Melbourne from New Zealand. He reported improved conditions at home and an addition for his team in Victoria in a two-year-old later on.



AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT FOR MEMBERS.

On a date to be announced, members will have an opportunity of meeting two of the world's most remarkable golfers, Gene Sarazen (winner of Open Championship of Britain and twice Open Champion of U.S.A., etc.), and Miss Helen Hicks (Canadian champion 1929, Canadian Open (runner-up), American Open champion 1931, U.S.A. versus Great Britain 1932, American Open (runner-up) 1933, etc., etc. Arrangements are being finalised for a lecture and demonstration by the players named to take place in the main hall. Watch for the date. Members will be advised in due course.

* * *

Mr. Jack Cameron, of The Hawk fame, is looking this way again and is expected this month. No doubt the genial owner-trainer has a horse or horses to bring along and we will know all about their quality in due course.

He is too experienced to transport horses this far if they are not good enough.

* * *

As a shining example of good citizenship in the history of Moree (N.S.W.) the name of William Cargill Moodie stands out in letters of gold. Until a few years ago when he left Moree to follow his profession as a solicitor in the city, certain it was that the name of Billy Moodie (as he is popularly known to all in the north-west) would be found at the head of any list which furnished the names of prominent citizens who were setting about the task of accomplishing something worth-while for the benefit of the community. In all branches and forms of healthy sport it was the same. First captain of the Moree Rifle Club, and joint-secretary, with Syd. Longworth, of the flourishing Moree Amateur Picnic Race Club, are just two of the many sporting activities of W. C. M.

Since residing in the city, Billy's love for the game of bowls has grown into a magnitude which dwarfs all other hobbies. Even the cultivation of choice blooms in the kingdom of rare and beautiful flowers, which has been a life-time hobby, is reputed to take second place. It is doubtful, because any day one calls on Billy at his office in Cathcart House, there will be found, gracing his desk, some choice and fragrant bloom of rare variety.

* * *

Mr. Jack Hennah is back with us again and as usual he has a horse with him to occupy his leisure hours. This is Padishah, a half-brother to Cuddle, but Mr. Hennah is under no delusions about Padishah being another Cuddle. Padishah has been to Australia before so he should know his way round.

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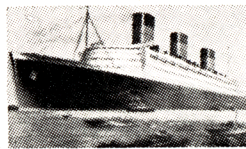
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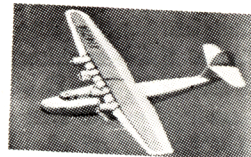
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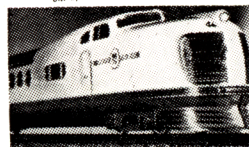
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Just Names

Some Apt and Otherwise

That names for horses are becoming increasingly difficult to discover is revealed by a run through the entries for classic races to come for this season's two-year-olds. Of course, some of the youngsters have yet to be named, but a good number have their racing labels attached, some good, some not so good, and some not good at all. It is admitted that a number of the selections might be most apt if they were explained but they are not apparent to the outsider who is, after all, the regular racegoer.

There is the usual crop of combinations of syllables of the sire and dam presenting some weird results and increasing the problems of owners when these animals go on to the stud.

Sympathy is due to the youngster who will have to race as Monsoak because he is by Monash Valley from Oaktress, and even more for Careerbra, a combination of Brazen and Career. A golden opportunity has been lost with the latter youngster for a neat naming effort. Similarly Calvous for the Caledon-Fulvous colt, and Patrambie for the son of The Night Patrol and Woorambie leave just a little to be desired.

There is a fortunate falling off in reversals the only real offender being Drasnor for a colt by Ronsard.

Of the happier efforts possibly the best are Piccadilly and Fairplay. Piccadilly is a colt owned by the Sydney enthusiast, Mrs. D. L. Clayton, and is a chestnut by Grosvenor from Kremlin. Piccadilly suggests

Grosvenor Square somehow, even to the overseas Britisher who knows his London only from what he has read and heard, while Kremlin has also the suggestion of bright location, even if of the now far-off days of the Czarist regime in Russia. Piccadilly is a name which should have real success and is not too long for the ardent racegoer who likes to ride his fancies home.

Fairplay is a bay colt by Chivalrous from Great Applause. Possibly the cart is before the horse for Great Applause might be more apt for a Chivalrous-Fairplay colt, but the inference is there and is one of the few names selected so far which combines both sire and dam.

It is obvious that the colt by Heroic from Desdemona would be named Othello, not strictly according to historical fact but for all that it is an opportunity for something approaching an appropriate name. Strangely enough a Cleopatra and an Orlando will be possible rivals for Othello this year. Cleopatra is the name chosen for the chestnut filly by Heroic from Desert Song and Orlando for the colt by Caledon from Lute String. If these two should meet in a race they will provide a story all to themselves.

Coming right up to modern times Astaire has obviously been inspired by his dam, Nautch Girl, for he is by The Buzzard. The influence of the films is again in evidence in Fox Comedy, a pardonable combination effort for the colt by Dark Fox from Comedy Queen.

Heroic Flight is another com-

mendable effort for the colt by Heroic from Soaring, even though it has just that suggestion of combination rather than inference. The colt has a name up to which he might have some difficulty in living.

Vestal has a pleasant sound for a filly by Pantheon from Vesper Bell, while Mewing is effective for a gelding by Glenariff from Catcall.

Posterity is a sire who should ease the position in the search for new names and in Futurity for a filly from Motley an opportunity has been grasped. If there is anything in a good name this filly should do well. For the filly by the same sire from Courtesy, Decorum has been chosen, on this occasion the influence coming from the dam.

Denis Boy is going to introduce a breath of old Ireland for already a Pat and a Denis appear for colts by that horse. Killarney has been used much too recently, or no doubt he would have been kept evergreen.

Dinkum Diamond strikes a new note for a youngster by Great Star from Belgian Myth and with no lack of local colour or suggestion, while Bazaar for a filly by Lord Quex from Ragfair is a happy effort.

The horses by Iliad are likely to have the real classical touch in naming as they show in quality. Diomedes for the Iliad-Homedale colt being one in point. Sentry Round and Light Dragoon are obviously sons of The Night Patrol, while a delicate compliment has been made in naming the Liberal-Even Song filly, Dame Nellie.

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Invisible Eating

(By Gelett Burgess, Essayist, Novelist, Author of "The Bromide and other Theories")

It is a sad fact that the sight of others in the act of eating is apt to get on one's nerves. The secret of manners is what I call Invisible Eating. It is a matter of disguising the process. Anything which advertises your eating, displays it, emphasises it, is objectionable. I once asked a child how she knew a person she had met at dinner was used to refinement. "Oh," she said, "he seemed to be just talking and having a good time. And yet his plate was nearly empty when they took it away."

Let us approach that dangerous place, the Dinner Table. Poise — refraining from useless or impulsive motion — is the hallmark of the gentleman or lady. A person who cannot control his hands is not at ease mentally. The napkin should be placed partly folded in the lap, not spread out by much under-cover work. Fortunately, not often any more do we see a man tuck a huge napkin into his neck as if he were in a barber shop.

Most faults at table are due simply to conspicuous, awkward and unnecessary gestures. When the soup plate is inclined while the diner avidly pursues the last precious drops, we have a phenomenon that might be called Usury. A Usurer, you know takes too much interest. He is closely related to the Mulcher, who seizes a slab of bread and, like a mason applying mortar to a brick wall, smears the entire surface with

butter. A fragment of bread, dabbed with butter, may be swallowed almost unnoticed.

And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a knife, Louis XIV. or Charles I. all but swallowed it without reproach. There was a time when great kings and lovely queens whose names thrill you dipped into dishes with their hands; and they bit, gnawed, chewed, and licked their fingers and spat out what they didn't like. No plates, no forks, no napkins. Only your own hunting knife. But we have come a long way in the social graces and if you even touch a knife with your lips, your hostess will think you are from Patagonia. But don't, I beg of you, go to the other extreme and try to be super-refined by using the Lancet Knife — one delicately held as if by an expensive surgeon while removing your vermiform appendix, or as a poet uses a pen in writing a sonnet.

Vegicide, the wanton cutting of the innocent, tender leaves of lettuce with a knife, is a form of mayhem. You can almost hear the salad squeak in agony. While it is now allowed by some authorities, cutting any vegetable with anything but a fork seems an outrage to the finer sensibilities:

*I hope, my dear, you've never tried
The awful crime of Vegicide;*

*For cultured persons in New York,
They cut potatoes with a Fork.*

The fork, which changed eating into dining, did not come into popu-

lar use until the middle of the 18th century. Many persons are afraid to use it with the left hand in raising food to the mouth, but Emily Post and most English gentlefolk consider that practice quite correct. Zigzag eating, the continual shifting of the fork after cutting meat from the left to the right hand with a sort of sleight-of-hand effect, undoubtedly comes from the old-fashioned aversion to left-handedness.

A peculiarly American technique with the fork is that elaborate arrangement of the digits known as the Banjo Grip. The thumb, ring, and little fingers are held underneath the handle, while the fore and middle fingers are clamped on top. It is a difficult feat and yet almost any coal heaver seems to do it skillfully.

Good manners proceed primarily from good sense. Surely anything that is eaten from the hand may be taken from the plate with the hand. Therefore, well-bred persons pick up olives with their fingers if they wish, even when tongs are provided.

Let us now examine the spoon. Stir up your tea with it one minute too long, too eagerly, and you'll never understand why she said No. The Front Entrance style — inserting the point of the spoon into the mouth, as many Americans and all Europeans do — is all right when giving Little Johnnie cod-liver oil, but at the table it involves a semi-circular motion apt to feature the

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elbow. Well-bred eaters also follow my Good rule for eating soup:

*Like little boats that put to sea,
I push my spoon AWAY from me.*

The first thing you do at dinner if you are 100 per cent. Patagonian is to employ the Touch System. You touch the knife. You jiggle the fork and move the salt cellar about the table and mark on the cloth with your spoon while you talk. Or you apply the Bust Hug to a drinking glass, ignoring the stem and leaving enough fingerprints to convict you of the crime.

The next thing you do, if you are not on your guard, is to rest your elbows on the table. When the elbows are so anchored, the hands cannot be idle.

First, they Pray. This is done by clasping the hands and in lacing the fingers like a baby saying "Now I Lay Me." A more elderly form is with the tips of the fingers touching lightly. Next comes the Washing: hands are rubbed together as if with invisible soap. And after the Washing, Ironing. The palms are rubbed back and forth while the eyes assume a pensive, upward, far-away look. And finally, if the elbows are still on the table, comes Face Feeling in all its branches. The ear is pulled, the neck is stroked, the cheeks, and perhaps even the hair.

Elbow Eating engenders other faults. Lizzie-Lick-the-Spoon is a damsel who takes a heaping spoonful of ice cream. In and out that spoon will go, while she licks off a little every time. There's also the Cup Cuddler. She rests her elbows

on the table and holds her cup with both hands at the level of her mouth. She sips and sips while gossiping of her husband or servants.

Let us pass lightly with a smile the lady of the Divorced Digit. That little finger of hers, extended so self-consciously, is an airy attempt at elegance. "See that finger," she seems to say, "ain't I stylish?"

Eating is an Art, not an Industry. But there are many faults in table manners that make the eater appear more like a machine than a lady or gentleman. My grandmother had a horror of what she called Loading. A piece of meat is stabbed with the fork, then with the knife a little potato is added to the load, a little turnip, and the whole neatly smoothed over and hoisted to the mouth like a hodful of plaster going up a ladder.

Along the same line is the Dog's Dinner: the eater cuts up all the meat on his plate into tidy mouthfuls, carefully salts his string beans, neatly butters a whole potato, and spreads gravy gloriously over all.

There are many other mechanical crudities we have all seen. The Table Ostrich raises a curtain of mock modesty and behind a large napkin hides an elaborate picking of the teeth. Worse still is the Home Dentist who chases the tongue around the teeth with contemplative thoroughness. And then at last that delightful capture of an elusive raspberry seed.

All these come from persons who do not realise that eating is a game of skill. It is as a game of skill, I

think, that it should be taught to children. If they understand, they will see the reason for correct technique and take the same pride they do in writing, skating or basketball.

In this game, Art must triumph over Appetite. We must learn to master the art of consideration, remembering the Golden Rule of Eating: don't do anything you dislike to see others do. Indeed, the basic theory of all everyday etiquette is really ethical. It ordains that one's own comfort should be secondary to that of others. Bad manners simply indicate that you care a good deal more for the food than for the society at the table. And you show it.



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Remarkable, But True!

Readers must not imagine, from the title of this story, that friend Ripley has been let loose in "Tattersall's Magazine." The selected title was nearly altered to "Truth is Stranger Than Fiction" but that seems a bit hackneyed, despite the truth contained in every word. If there be any doubts about that, just glance through the following. What appears is not the outcome of a fantastic brain, but instead, actual happenings which have been chronicled in newspapers throughout the world and can be verified to the hilt.

In 1932 a certain Rupert Stornaway of England, chartered a vessel for a cruise. Said vessel was stationed at Leith and on the day that the take-over was scheduled to take place, Mrs. Stornaway took ill and a postponement was made. This did not meet with the agreement of the shipowner, who advised that he could not revise his dates and suggested Mr. Stornaway look elsewhere. This was done. On the run to Stockholm the vessel ran into a fearful storm during which the rigging was torn from its moorings and only the arrival of a second ship saved the lives of Mr. Stornaway, his friends accompanying him on the trip, and the crew. So far so good, but now for the remarkable. The rescuing ship was named Stornaway, its skipper's name was William Rupert and the only man drowned was named Leith!

We have all heard about people who have stumbled across fortunes by the merest chance and here are a couple of instances where luck play-

ed its part with vim. A few months back, a Franz Hals clock was purchased at a South Coast (Eng.) auction sale for £3. In May it was put up at Christies and fetched £2,940. Then there was the chap who rooted out from a motley of accrued and discarded family heirlooms, an old broken silver coffee pot. It struck him that with firms advertising that gold and silver would be bought in any quantities, that the coffee pot might bring in a few shillings. He was indeed to be numbered among the most fortunate of men. The jeweller to whom he took it, advised him to take it to Christies with the result that the old relic changed hands within a week for £150.

In 1935, a Liverpool (Eng.) alderman went on a vacation tour of Wales and by the merest chance—just to see how it was conducted, he said—and took a fancy to a couple of pictures which he purchased for £10. Three months later his judgment netted him £10,000.

Of course, we are not so favourably placed in Australia because of the comparative youth of the country. We have as yet to acquire, as a people, the desire to place great value on the works of old masters.

And, talking about strange coincidences, Gary Cooper, the film actor, was called upon in one of his pictures, to appear in the garb of a tramp. He searched Hollywood for a suit which would measure up to his requirements but without success. Eventually, he sent his valet to a second-hand dealer to make a choice and at length the

garb arrived. In the pocket of the coat was found a letter addressed "Gary Cooper, Esq.," and the story leaked out how Gary had, in the days gone by, presented some of his used suits to an out-of-work thespian, and this was one of them.

When the late King George visited Sir Arthur du Cros' house in Bognor to convalesce after an illness, he stooped to pat a scotch terrier and on the collar read in big letters—REX!

Then there was the occasion when jockey Ted Moysey was imported from England to ride a horse at Agua Caliente, Mexico, for a wealthy American. On his arrival in the country, Moysey wanted to know all about the steed.

"It's a trimmer," quoth the attendant. There isn't a better horse than 'Blazer' in the country."

When the jockey was introduced to the horse, he thought it looked familiar and enquired where the owner had procured him from.

"Oh, the Old Man landed him from someone in England," came back the reply.

"Yes, I thought so," retorted Ted. "I rode this horse at Newmarket two years ago." He won the race.

Here is one from a different angle. To those of us who are ever chasing the bawbee, the old caption "Oh, Death where is thy sting," might be applied. Here is a case of a man who was drowned in gold.

One Joseph Micoulas, working in Paris as a gold refiner, was seized with a fit whilst working in his laboratory and, falling forward with



Take it with meals . . .

**FOSTER'S
EXPORT
LAGER**
(BLUE LABEL)

his face in a basin of gold dust, was suffocated.

Surgeon Raymond Spear, of the United States Navy, walked to his garage one cold dry day, wearing his fur coat and rubber boots. The flapping of his coat against his legs charged him with electricity, but his rubber boots insulated him and so turned him into a sort of accumulator.

The result was a spark which exploded the petrol in the tank of his car, burned him severely and destroyed the car!

In London a man was found flat on his back in a crowded thoroughfare. He was quite sober and a policeman told him to get up. In return, the man replied he was afraid to as every time he stood up he felt as if he were going to die. His sincerity impressed the arm of the law and an ambulance was fetched and, lest there be something hidden in the strange demeanour, the "patient" was driven to Arbour Square Police Station where the well known police surgeon, Dr. Graham Grant examined him. The pulse was normal, the brain clear and the doctor ordered him to his feet.

In a few moments the medico realised that the man was dying before his eyes and quickly laid him down again. He was taken to hospital where it was found he was quite normal as long as he laid flat but immediately commenced to die if he sat up.

An X-ray examination settled the argument. Deep in his chest was a piece of hatpin in such a position that, when the man was standing up, his heart knocked against the point, but was clear when he laid down. An operation removed the trouble and the man is still alive and well to-day.

Now for something along quite different lines. Major Philip Har-ker, of the Indian Cavalry, set off last year to bag a tiger. He went over the same ground he had travelled a year earlier.

When he came across his first "cat" he raised his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger—only to find it had jammed. The position was now serious and the Major decided to use his weapon as a club to beat off the tiger should it charge him. Then, just in front,

laying on the ground, his eye caught sight of a revolver. In a flash he picked it up, pulled the trigger and heaved a sigh of relief as the bullet sped on its way to lay the animal dead. Remarkable thing was that the investigation showed the revolver to be of the heavy Service pattern and bore the initials P.H. It was the Major's own and had been lost the previous trip.

GOLF CLUB

FIXTURE LIST



September 17th (Thursday)—
Manly Golf Club; Stable-
ford Par: "Henry E. Cole-
man" Bowl Event.

October 21st (Wednesday)—
New South Wales Golf
Club; Stroke Handicap:
Victor Audette Memorial
Shield.

November 19th (Thursday)—
The Lakes Golf Club: Four
Ball Best Ball v. Par.

December 17th (Thursday)—
Manly Golf Club; Stable-
ford Par: "Henry E. Cole-
man" Bowl Event.

January 20th, 1937 (Wednes-
day)—New South Wales
Golf Club: Four Ball Best
Ball v. Par.

February 18th (Thursday)—
The Lakes Golf Club:
Stableford Par: "Henry E.
Coleman" Bowl Event.

Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.
- **THAT** to join the regular daily gym. classes it is only necessary to get into a gym. suit. The Instructors will help you to do the rest.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** the Personality Quartette provides Dinner and Dance Music every Thursday and Saturday evening.

Australian Jockey Club

More Pages of History :: Tattersall's First Meeting

II.

Last month the Australian Jockey Club was left if not firmly established at Randwick, at least in possession of the old sand track and proceeding to put the property in order. The club had its troubles



Mr. T. S. Clibborn, the Secretary.

with the politicians and not until 1873 and the passing of the A.J.C. Act was some security of tenure established. Tattersall's Club was, even in those days, a real sporting rendezvous, so it was not surprising to find it anxious to stage a race meeting all of its own.

Accordingly, in 1865, Tattersall's had its first use of Randwick. Then, as now, New Year's Day was allotted to this club, the rental for the day, including all rights and privileges, being £35. Obviously values, like times, have changed.

The annual report of the A.J.C. explains that it was largely an experiment, but a successful one, proved as the years have rolled by.

Harking back again to 1860, the first year of the A.J.C. control of Randwick, there were three meetings, with no race run over a shorter distance than a mile, the best time for which was 2.10. The highlight

of the first year was Archer, the first dual Melbourne Cup winner, scoring his first success at Randwick in a maiden plate, decided over a mile and three-quarters. This emphasises once again how customs have changed. Imagine a present-day maiden event run over a longer journey than a mile. It is difficult to imagine it.

Just at this time the officials of the club were worried by the wash-outs on the tan training track, the sum of £50 being voted to repair the damage.

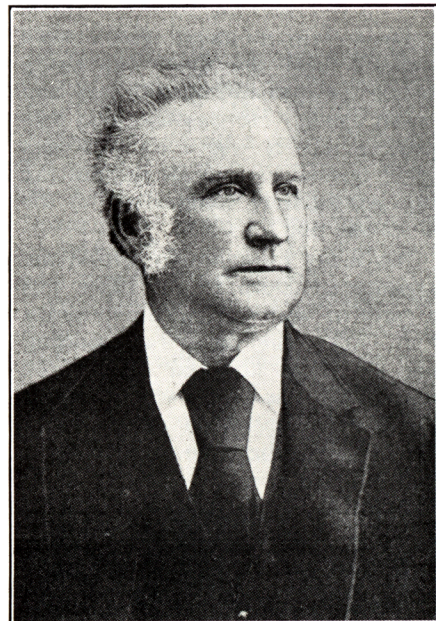
In 1861 the first Derby was decided at Randwick, Kyogle winning from two others. Kyogle and his owner, Mr. Dines, two years later figured in the famous match with Traveller, a match which caused much argument and litigation, finally taken to the Privy Council, and lost by Kyogle's owner, who alleged that Traveller carried his wrong weight, being incorrectly described as to age. On the day of this match Tattersall's Club provided the prize-money for extra races to fill out the day, the match being for £500 a side.

At this stage of the A.J.C. history the question of the insecurity of tenure of the Randwick course agitated the minds of the officials. The necessity of greater training facilities was obvious but the matter was shelved pending some definite arrangement with the Government.

In 1865 the Epsom Handicap was introduced for the first time into the programme of the Spring meeting, the distance being a mile and won by Dundee, sired by Whalebone, owned by Mr. Justice Cheeke. In this year there is the first record of horses having been dyed or bleached. A team of horses were leased by their owners, who had been in financial difficulties, but they were repossessed summarily and illegally. When found by the police in a stable at Potts Point one, a light chestnut, had been painted black and a black horse had been bleached into a grey. Incidentally at this time there were odd trotting races and Randwick almost an unheard of suggestion in this age.

The annual report of 1866 is a quaint document for, after stressing the success of the season from a racing standpoint, it dealt mostly with finance and course problems. A cheap stand, probably the St. Leger equivalent, had been erected, the ends of the grandstand closed in and glazed because of complaints from the fair sex. Also the racing track had become very soft in patches and uneven. Repair work was difficult and apparently soil was scarce for the only material available which was suitable was that swept up from the Sydney streets. This had to be paid for at the rate of 1/- per load in addition to cartage. At this stage, couch grass was planted under the tan training track to prevent the tan from sinking into the sand.

In 1866 was decided the first Doncaster Handicap and was won by Dundee, who thus had the honour



Mr. W. Gannon, appointed Starter in 1872.

of winning the first of the two mile races of importance which have come down to this day, the Epsom and Doncaster Handicaps. The year also introduced, as two-year-olds Fishhook, and The Barb, who was beaten

in third place mainly because he swerved at the start. The first Sydney Cup, run also this year, was won by that good horse, Yattendon, from twelve others. Later in the meeting Yattendon was beaten in the Forced Handicap, the horse and his rider, Sam Holmes, meeting with a very hostile reception, so that apparently race crowds have not differed a great deal in 70 years. At the Spring meeting that year another famous race, the Metropolitan, was decided for the first time and won by the Derby runner-up, Bylong, from Yattendon and Tim Whiffler, The Barb being the Derby winner.

It was in 1867 that Yattendon registered the record time for those days of 2.12½ for the Craven Plate. Apparently the pace was on practically from the start, set by Tim Whiffler, Yattendon coming along at the finish to win narrowly. This great horse's owner, Mr. McEvilly, did not long survive, for in the following October, at a picnic he fell and broke a leg, but did not recover from the effect of the shock.

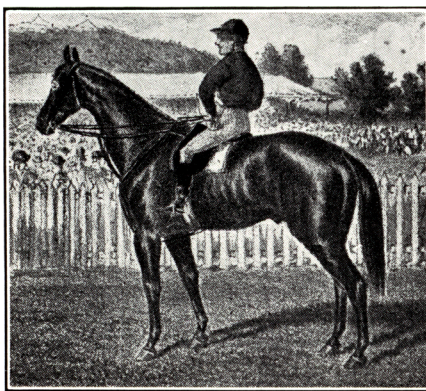
At this stage the A.J.C., faced with the necessity of building another stand, the original St. Leger structure, financed their scheme by debentures, the club's indebtedness being £3,000. A previous issue of debentures had been rendered and the new issue was for ten years at eight per cent. As racing was increasing in popularity with larger entries and attendances, not to mention the membership list, the debentures appeared to be a very safe and profitable investment. The new stand, according to the annual report, cost £1,000, and in income from the first two meetings of its existence returned £290 exclusive of the sale of privileges and booths.

In 1867 Tattersall's Club was given permission to alter its date from New Year's Day to January 25, the occasion being a special meeting in honour of the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

The custodian of Randwick in those early days was William Woodburn, who lived in a cottage close to Alison Road and was one of the real identities. Apparently he was a practical farmer for apart from his own ample garden he grew lucerne and oats on the course while

sufficient grass was grown on the course proper to provide fair stacks of hay. The records suggest that the grass experts of the day believed the length of grass was of great assistance to the track, for the roots of the couch grass penetrated deeply and a good sustained growth was maintained all the year. Of course, there were only eight days of racing at most and the number of horses in training only a fraction of those of the present day.

Carbine's win in the Melbourne Cup with 10.5 is known to every racing man but not so many recall



*THE BARB, 1866.
Trained by owner, Mr. John Tait. Ridden by W. David.*

The Barb's Sydney Cup win in 1869 carrying 10.8. The Barb not only won, but according to the historians walked in from a record cup field. The Spring meeting of 1869 saw another feature in Circassian winning both the Epsom Handicap and the Metropolitan. Circassian won both his races practically from the start.

Handicaps and top-weights were discussed in the early 'seventies and in 1871, the committee of three who had previously acted as handicappers were superseded by the first official, Mr. J. A. Scarr. His first big meeting was something of a triumph, and a complete vindication of the change for the Doncaster provided a dead-heat between Sir William and Lottery. Strangely enough the jockeys of both horses protested but the owners saved any bother by agreeing to divide.

In 1872 the grandstand question rose again, the old original in the paddock being deemed quite inadequate. Accordingly at a special

meeting it was agreed to raise £7000 in 1,400 debentures at £5 bearing interest at 6 per cent. for the purpose. There appeared to be little trouble in raising the necessary cash for any of these early building programmes.

Time marched on and in 1872 and 1873 there were other official changes, Mr. W. Gannon being appointed starter in the earlier year, and Mr. T. S. Clibborn secretary in 1873. Mr. Buchan Thompson, who had filled the post of honorary secretary most ably, had been compelled to retire through illness. The committee decided to appoint a paid secretary, and on advertising for applicants for the £350 p.a. post, received 150 replies. Mr. Clibborn, then residing at Ballarat, in Victoria, was appointed. The appointment was not popular either with the Press or the public but Mr. Clibborn soon settled down in a room in Castlereagh Street, the first real office of the A.J.C. The annual report at the end of his first year showed that Mr. Clibborn had become the most popular of men and was commended for his energetic methods in the discharge of his duties. Shortly after Mr. Clibborn's appointment reports were circulated that the left-handed way round was to be adopted as in Melbourne but there was abundant opposition to following in the wake of Melbourne in the matter of running tracks but not so much against the proposed new grandstand, which would enable the wives and daughters of members to enjoy the racing without being railroaded off from the pseudo aristocracy on one hand or forced to mix with the demi-monde on the other. Apparently there was a Melbourne versus Sydney complex in those early days as well as a few definite ideas of what constituted society.

As it was pointed out that more Sydney-trained horses had won Melbourne Cups up to that time than Victorian-trained ones, it was argued that good horses could go left-handed as well as right-handed, and so the matter dropped.

The year 1873 was also notable for the A.J.C. Act becoming law, giving the club power under statute through the trustees to make improvements and control Randwick as it has done right up to the pre-

sent day. The committee of the club, in order to finance the building of the new grandstand at a cost of £10,254, circularised members, asking them to take up £50 debentures at 6 per cent. The customary good response was made and the stand duly completed despite the unfortunate death of the contractor, Mr. W. K. Dixon, soon after work had commenced.

At this time the popular Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, began to have his colours, the Zetland

Whether this was due to the closing of the betting shops the old chroniclers do not indicate clearly.

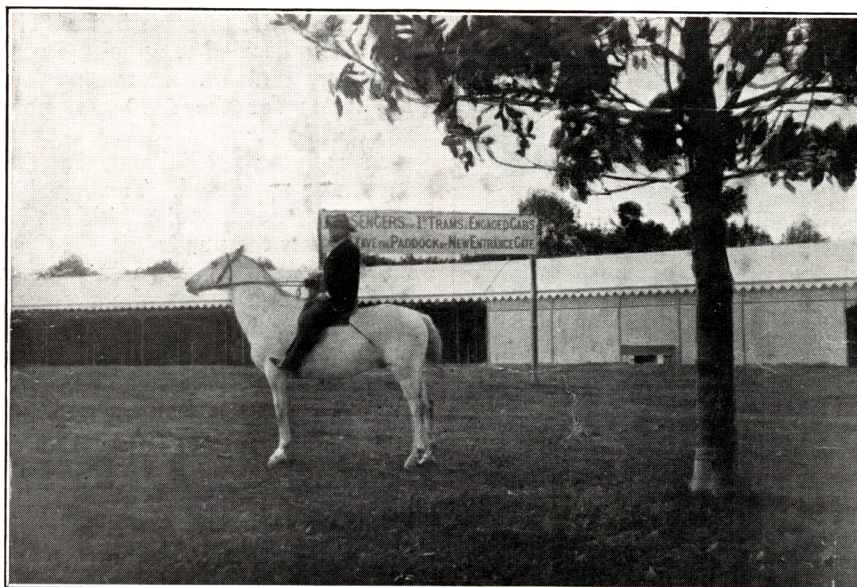
Recognition of the trotting horse crops up again in the records of the club in 1876, owners of trotters being permitted to use the new training track on payment of 2 guineas—presumably per annum—for each horse driven in harness, or one guinea in saddle. In June, a trotting race was included in the programme but the crack trotter of the day, Wanderer, having been placed just

inside. Hitherto only about the last furlong in the straight was fenced, posts marking the remainder of the course. The historians report that the innovation was found to be a great improvement and curtailed the practices of unscrupulous jockeys. Strangely enough about a year later there was raised a hubbub about the complete rail, letters appearing in the Press condemning it and the committee was divided, also on the matter, one member believing that the club would be liable in case of accident. The commotion soon died down again, however, and the rail stayed and became even more the real force we know it to-day.

In 1879 the racing of horses unnamed ended, the rules being altered to insist that all horses had to be named by 4 p.m. on the day preceding that on which they would race. Prior to this, just the breeding would suffice. Riding fees were also reviewed, the scale being £10 and £5 in jumping races and £5 and £3 in flat races. Also a conference of the A.J.C. and V.R.C. fixed the weight-for-age scale. Easily the feature of 1880 was the solving of the transport problem of the public wishing to attend meetings at Randwick. Tramlines were laid to the main gates of the course. On Derby day (September 4) the first tram carried passengers at a fare of 1/- each way but on the second day the charge was reduced to 6d. to combat the old 'buses which speedily faded away. From the commencement it was obvious that the trams materially assisted the attendances at the club's meetings.

That year also saw Tattersall's Club hold its first two-day meeting at Randwick. Drum Major winning Tattersall's Cup.

Probably the first step towards licensing of bookmakers was made in 1881 when the committee of Tattersall's Club decided that no one not a member of their club would be permitted to make a book at Randwick at Tattersall's meeting on August 13. This action was due to the prevalence of welshing at this time. Just a year later the V.R.C. decided to charge all bookmakers betting in the paddock a yearly fee of £25. Each bookmaker was to be licensed and wear a badge with his



Mr. William Woodburn ("Bill at the Gate"), Caretaker and Ranger of Randwick from 1868-1908.

Spots, carried prominently on many occasions, the horses being trained at Zetland Lodge by Thomas Lamond. It was felt that the Governor set the seal on the sport of those days. In March of 1875 there was still another milestone, the first yearling sales—top price, 120 guineas.

Terry's Betting Bill passed in 1875 also took some of the glamour from Randwick for the old-timers. A clean sweep was made of the side-shows, roulette wheels, Monte Carlo and all the etceteras, betting becoming a decorous affair. The Act also closed up all the betting shops which lined Pitt Street on both sides from King Street to Bathurst Street. It is interesting to read that the purchasers of the rights to collect at the admission gates this year showed an excellent profit on the £1065 they paid to the club for the privilege.

a bare furlong too far behind his field, the race had to be trotted over again. At the second attempt from his correct mark, Wanderer won.

In 1876 Mr. Thomas Evans joined up with Mr. Clibborn as assistant and he it was who was responsible for the present system of scratchings. Prior to this the names of horses withdrawn were just ruled out on the card. Mr. Evans saw the removal of the office to King Street, then back to Castlereagh Street, and finally to its present home in Bligh Street. During his 35 years Mr. Evans served under nine chairmen, Messrs. H. C. Dangar, James White, W. A. Long, A. McKellar, S. C. Griffiths, Richard Jones, Sept. Stephen, and Sir Adrian Knox.

Not until 1876 was the course at Randwick railed completely on the

name and number. As the A.J.C., V.R.C. and South Australian J.C. had just previously agreed to make their rules general, the A.J.C. committee added a by-law providing for the Registration of Bookmakers.

The line of demarcation between registered and unregistered racing which existed until three years ago was established in 1882. It was decided that all clubs in New South Wales holding their meetings under A.J.C. rules should have their names enrolled on a register at the senior club's office. Meetings not so enrolled were deemed to be unregistered and all horses running at them were regarded as perpetually disqualified. There were some amendments to this but it was the beginning of the two camps into which racing was divided for practically half a century.

Thus, in just over 20 years at Randwick, much was achieved in status and prosperity. Stakes (added money) rose from £3095 in 1860 to £8724 in 1883 at which point this history is left to be brought up to the present day in the next issue of the magazine.

T.B.C.

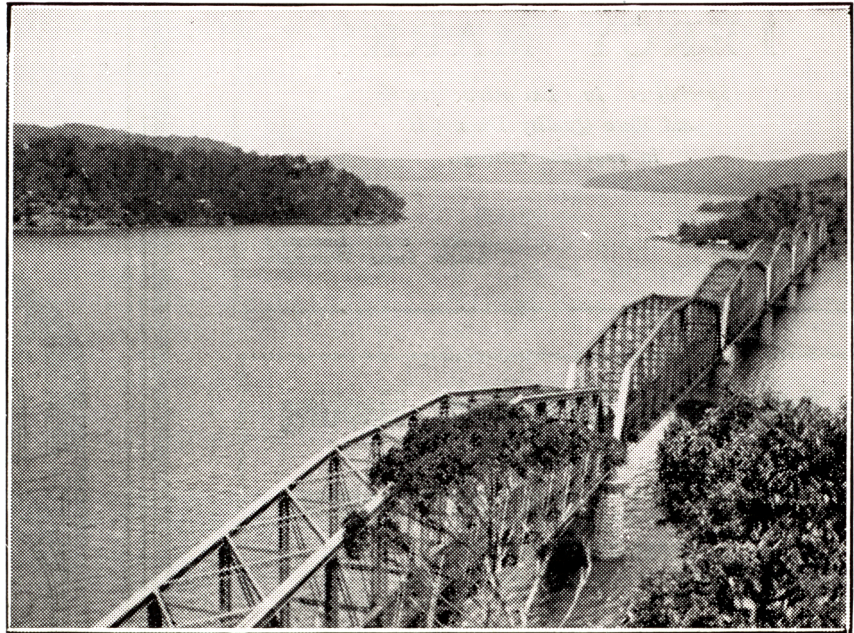
Tattersall's Club
Ninth
Annual Ball
SATURDAY
19th Sept. 1936

•
*Make a Note
of
the Date*

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES NO. 3.



The Hawkesbury River, with Dangar Island on the left. It was in the vicinity of this island that Phillip first realised that he was on the Hawkesbury.

ROMANCE OF EXPLORATION

Discovery of the Hawkesbury

UNDOUBTEDLY Phillip's most important discovery and, indeed, the most important during the early years of the colony, was his discovery of the Hawkesbury River. Not only was it the first river of any consequence to be discovered, but it also played a major part in the opening up of the interior of the State, its fertile banks being among the earliest cultivated areas away from Sydney itself, and for a considerable period the main source of the colony's food supply.

It was a little over a year after his discovery of Broken Bay that Phillip made this great discovery. He had felt for some time that it was most probable that some considerable river emptied itself into the waters of Broken Bay, and it was for the purpose of testing out this theory that he went there with an expedition in June, 1789. Some days were spent in exploring the various branches of the bay in search of this river, and it was while examining the north-west branch that Phillip came upon the river. It was while the party were in the vicinity of what is now known as Dangar Island (but was named by Phillip as Mullet Island by reason of the number of fish caught there) that they became convinced that they were actually on the river for which they were in search. On that occasion, due to shortage of provisions, the party was unable to proceed any great distance up the river and a return had to be made to Sydney. The river was named the Hawkesbury after Lord Hawkesbury.

PHILLIP'S first thought after the return to Sydney was to equip another expedition for the purpose of making an attempt to trace the river to its source. On the 28th of June the expedition left and succeeded in travelling for a considerable distance along the river to a point near where the present town of Richmond is built. "The breadth of this river" wrote Phillip in a despatch to Lord Sydney "is from three hundred to eight hundred feet, and it appears from the soundings we had to be navigable for the largest merchant ships to the foot of Richmond Hill, but as the water near the head of the river sometimes rises, after very heavy rains, thirty feet above its common level, it would not be safe for ships to go far up; but fifteen or twenty miles below Richmond Hill they would lay in fresh water and perfectly safe. The high rocky country which forms Broken Bay is lost as you proceed up the Hawkesbury, and the banks of the river are covered with timber, the soil a rich light mould, and judging from the little we saw of the country, I should suppose it good land to a very considerable extent. . . . The soil of Richmond Hill is good and it lays well for cultivation."

"The great advantages of so noble a river," Phillip concluded his description of the river, "when a settlement can be made on its banks, will be obvious to your Lordship."

It was on that expedition, too, that Governor Phillip had his first close view of the Blue Mountains (which fitting name, incidentally, was bestowed on them by him during that journey) from the heights of Richmond Hill. He determined that they should be explored at the first opportunity, but they were more formidable than he imagined and many years were to pass before a passage over them was successfully effected.

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Tattersall's Club Race Meeting RANDWICK

SATURDAY, 12th SEPTEMBER

PRINCIPAL EVENTS:

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP OF £500
Seven Furlongs.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES OF £1000.
1 Mile and 1 Furlong.

THE SPRING HANDICAP OF £500.
1 Mile and a Quarter.

"REGALIA"

BRAND

FRUITS AND JAMS
TOMATO JUICE
VINEGAR
SEEDED RAISINS

"RADELLA"

BAKING POWDER
MIXED FRUITS
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and flavour of Lindeman's
Wines is the natural ex-
pression of the quality and a
delight to the cultured taste.

Billiards and Snooker

Club Tournaments Well Under Way — Members After State Titles
Walter Lindrum Not Retiring — The Empire Title — A Tricky Ruling

During August members have enjoyed some stern games in the club's annual billiard and snooker tournaments. The second round has now been completed in each section and the respective winners will be posted ere long. It is noteworthy that "Rose Bay" still retains his place in the billiard list despite his handicap of 160-behind scratch.

The line-up to face the starter for the third round is as follows:—Messrs. J. A. Roles, J. W. Plaskitt, C. E. Hall, "Nabob," H. England,

Bay," W. Scott, J. A. Roles, E. Stanford, I. Green, C. E. Young, C. E. Hall, G. Chiene and L. Tasker.

In next issue of the magazine, the winners will be announced, together with a description of the final games. In the interim all members are invited to visit the second floor regularly where combat is held daily to the merriment and pleasure of all assembled.

State Amateurs.

The State amateur championships are now in progress and our club

years and bids fair to take out the treble. Here's the best of good luck to one who deserves well of his fellows.

Big Billiard Move.

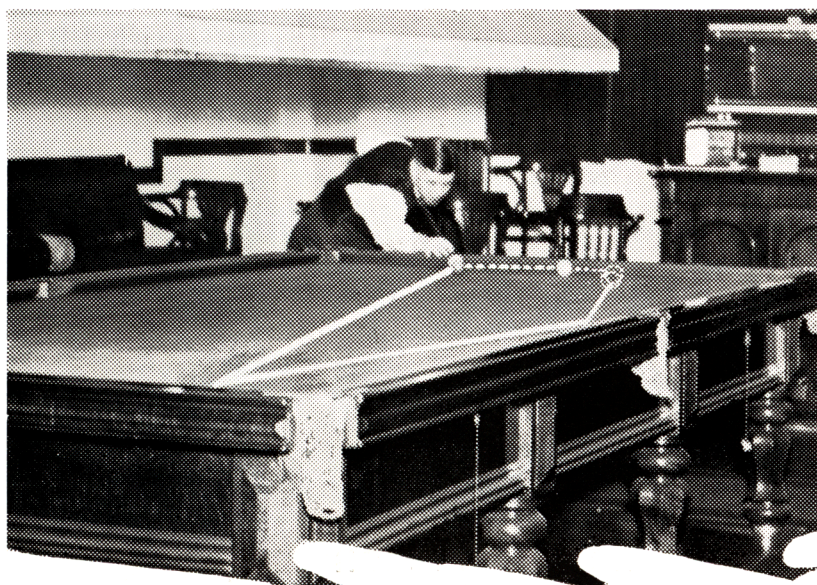
Published information during August that world's champion Walter Lindrum had announced his retirement were not quite in accordance with fact. Truth to tell, Walter has been successful in establishing himself in business and, in future, will confine his activities within the Commonwealth. He will be prepared to defend his title against all-comers, but, they must come to this country if the desire be to wrest the laurels from his grasp.

It is as yet too early to unleash the full story of the new company which has been formed, suffice it to say that the mode of operations will be vastly different from anything hitherto attempted in this country.

Standard tables will be erected in six different sizes, to accommodate almost any sized room, and each table will be equipped to provide for the playing of fifty-two separate and distinct games. By such means, it is contended that interest in the billiard table will be lasting and that the "new toy" will not be placed in the discard, in private homes, after the first blush of novelty has worn off. Further, leading professionals of the world, in both sexes, will be engaged to tutor those who desire to become proficient in the various games.

Empire Title.

As soon as the Australian amateur billiard title event has been decided in Adelaide during the latter end of September, the winner will receive an official invitation to represent this country in the Empire Tournament which will be conducted in South Africa, starting on November 15. There will be a couple of weeks wherein to make necessary arrangements for leave, but there will be no time to lose. The S.S. "Ascanius" will leave Adelaide on October 14 and our representative must be aboard. The steamer will arrive in Durban on November 3 and two days later the



WHY LINDRUM IS LINDRUM! The above photograph was taken in the billiard room recently when the world's champion showed how the balls could be gathered into ideal position in one stroke despite the fact that the use of twenty-four feet of table was required. Main ingredient, according to the champion, is concentration on correct contact on the bottom cushion. The shot is known as a "half stun screw."

J. B. Davis, W. M. Hannan and "Rose Bay."

Hans Robertson was eliminated in the second round when J. B. Davis proved too good by 29 points. Many of the finishes were close and the players still in are widely placed on the handicap sheet—proof enough that, with all their faults, the handicappers have done their work well. The same thing applies in the snooker section.

In the multi-ball game, those remaining on deck are:—Messrs. N. D. McNally, L. Howarth, Dr. A. F. Janes, J. S. Blau, A. S. Block, W. S. Edwards, A. S. W. Hurd, "Rose

is represented by Hans Robertson and W. Longworth. Last year, Hans ran into the final and for the major portion of the game, proved a real menace to champion Les Hayes and only lost his grip in one session when Hayes was able to place himself well in the lead. This time, Les has decided not to take part and popular favourite is Hans. He will have to contend with Arthur Bull, who is well known to most of our members, and "Rose Bay," who are regarded as the stiffest opposition.

In the snooker sections, Hans has reigned supreme for the past two

ASK FOR IT!

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALLY IMPORTED

HOUSE
Whisky

[Highland Nectar]

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

The Quality Never Varies

player should arrive in Johannesburg, where the tournament will be held.

It is imperative that an Australian make the trip this year as, by special arrangement, the next Empire tournament will take place in Sydney in 1938 to dovetail with the Centenary celebrations. This brings the Empire title forward two years, as it has always been customary to proceed with four year spacings.

Who Will Go?

There is much speculation regarding the Australian to earn the trip. The absence of Hayes has opened the way for several others, but, most fancied of all is Bobby Marshall, of Western Australia, who made a 407 break a couple of weeks back. He is identical with player written about on this page a couple of issues back. He is considered by no less a personage than Walter Lindrum, as the greatest amateur in the world today. High praise indeed and, if correct, there is every chance that this country will hold both amateur and professional titles. Something for which we can be thankful after the inglorious exhibitions by our athletes at the Olympic Games in Ber-

lin. We certainly seem to "have the wood on them" at billiards.

A Ruling Queried.

During the past month a ruling was required in the billiard room which occasioned much comment.

A reconstruction of the trouble showed that one opposing ball was in baulk and the other just outside. Both were almost touching and dead in line. The striker was in hand and deliberately played on to a cushion in baulk to then make contact with the ball just out of baulk and afterwards complete the cannon. Was it a fair shot?

The reply is in the affirmative. A score can be made, according to the rules, so long as the cue-ball first makes contact with a ball or cushion out of baulk before making contact with a ball in baulk. The rule (No. 7 in latest book) is perfectly clear and adds, *inter alia*, "... the cue-ball may be played against a cushion in baulk to strike a ball out of baulk."

The necessity for the rules is practically non-existent. It will crop up about once every ten years, hence the lack of knowledge on the point generally.

MED BALL

Last month the rules of the new club game, Med. Ball, were published and so popular has the game become that in the first competition about to start no less than thirty-two nominated.

The contest is a doubles handicap and is sure to provide a new outlet for the enthusiasm of the Athletic Department devotees who will have as something for which to tussle a fine trophy presented by Mr. Z. Lazarus.

Games have been drawn as follows:—Hernon and Block (owe 30) v. Hermann and Murphy (30); Lawton and Bergin (15) v. Miller and Tarrant (scratch); Penfold and Tebbutt (scratch) v. Lazarus and Buckle (scratch); English and Brown (30) v. Green and Silk (15); Hunter and Rainbow (30) v. Bastian and Service (scratch); Gunson and Graham (30) v. Bevan and Holmes (15); Pooley and Stanford (scratch) v. Pick and Pratt (owe 15); Morton and Davis (owe 15) v. Page and Hammond (owe 30).

Golf Facts, Not Theories!

(By Alex. J. Morrison)



Fear. Fear. Fear.

It seems to govern a golfer's activities from the time he leaves the first tee until he gets under the shower at the end of the game.

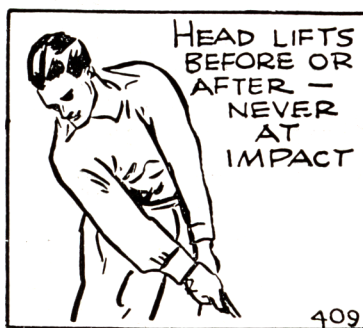
He steps up to a shot he has hit 100 times. He dubs it. He drops a second ball and this time he sends it where it should have gone the first time.

How come?

Well, the second try found him free from worry over the outcome, probably full of confidence and certainly relaxed.

This relaxation enabled him to make a smooth accurate swing and the ball was bound to fly straight. He simply wasn't relaxed the first time.

There's the real problem in golf—to know when you're relaxed and when you're not.



Even if you're not certain, it pays to feel out your muscles before you swing.

Very often a player will claim that he looked up or lifted his head just as he hit the ball. Such a thing is hardly possible.

Of course, the player may sense that he is raising his head as the clubhead nears the ball, but the exact moment his head raises and the time when he senses the fault are separated by an appreciable space of time.

Sometimes the player doesn't sense what he has done for several swings. What he senses as the clubhead nears the ball has been in progress for some time.

If a player is going to lift his head at all he'll start pulling up as he begins his downswing.

Action pictures prove this.

The cure is to keep your chin back until the swing is over.

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Swimming Club Ball

Another Dewar Cup Presented

Pool Splash a Big Success

There is no need to state that the Swimming Club's Annual Ball, held on Saturday, August 22, was a success—it always is.

This venture was the sixth held and the best boost it had was that no one wanted to go home when the end came.

The pool interlude was planned on rather a more ambitious scheme than before, programmes being issued to the dancers and teams of five contesting a 200 yards teams' race.

Each swimmer was nominated by a lady, the winners receiving a prize while the Swimming Club Committee also handed out souvenirs to the nominators of the losers.

Teams contesting the event were:

Red Caps—Go at "Go"—H. J. Robertson (Mrs. Robertson), A. S. Block (Mrs. Block), P. Hernon (Miss Shine), A. E. Rainbow (Mrs. Rainbow), G. Goldie (Mrs. Capper).

Green Caps—Go at "2"—C. D. Tarrant (Mrs. Tarrant), N. P. Murphy (Mrs. Murphy), A. Pick (Mrs. Pick), J. Buckle (Mrs. Buckle), J. Dexter (Mrs. Dexter).

White Caps—Go at "9"—F. J. Carberry (Mrs. Carberry), W. S. Edwards (Miss Havard), J. Pooley (Miss Connor), C. Bastian (Miss Higgins), S. J. Carroll (Mrs. Carroll).

John Pooley put up a great display as first man off for the "Whites" and after his effort the rest weren't in the hunt, despite a great dash by Hans Robertson as last "Red" man.

"Whites" won nicely from "Reds" with Dave Tarrant making a game bid against "Robbie" but being unable to land the "Greens" nearer than a close third.

Later a diving for discs event was held in which the competitors had to recover discs from the bottom of the pool. The trouble was that X-ray glasses were required to sight the discs, though Dave Tarrant found that no bother at all for he gathered eight and landed the prize.

During the evening our chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, presented the "John Dewar & Sons Ltd." cup to Sammy Block, who, by winning two seasons in succession, made the valuable trophy his own.

The "John Samuel" Cup was presented to Jack Dexter and to the following members went prizes for winning the monthly point score and "John Samuel" point score contests: K. Hunter, N. P. Murphy, C. Godhard, J. Dexter, G. Goldie, A. S. Block, D. Tarrant and V. Richards.

Even though Swimming Club officials President W. W. Hill, Starter Jim Bartlett and handicapper John Gunton did not start in the teams' race it was felt that they had earned the right to a prize for their nominators and so the Swimming Club was happy to present small tokens to Mrs. Gunton and Misses Barber and Hill as mementoes of the occasion.

And so with much jollity and dancing to the strains of the excellent orchestra the Sixth Swimming Club Ball passed into a happy memory with many a hope for the next.

Unfortunately Mr. A. L. Brown, Dewar's Australian representative, was unable to be present at the last minute through illness. His charming personality and silver tongue were missed but he helped make up for his absence by sending word that John Dewar & Sons Ltd. had decided to present another trophy for competition.

This was great news as the "Dewar" Cup has been a great medium of enthusiasm and has provided the keenest of competition ever since the Swimming Club was formed.

DIVING

This Dive Can Be Performed From Run or Stand Start.

(By Fred Sponberg, Famous Olympic Diving Coach)

The Front Jack-Knife With One-Half Twist.

The group of dives known as the "twist dives" are treated among the most difficult in the schedule of competitive dives.

The front jack-knife with the one-half twist shown here, is not the most difficult of the group but requires a finished diver to do it well.

It is performed from a standing position from both the one-metre and three-metre boards. It is also performed from a run from the one-metre board.

In making the take-off the diver should try to get as much height as possible without going out too far. At the highest point the body is bent into the jack-knife position, with arms straight and fingers touching the shins just above the ankles.

The knees should be locked straight, and the toes kept well pointed, as shown. The twist should not be started until the body is half way straightened, well above the board.

Entry is the same as in the back dive.



Contract Bridge

Written for Central Press by E. V. Shepard,
Famous Bridge Teacher

How to Torture a Doubler.

Instead of a Webster cartoon, depicting the method of torturing husband or wife, to-day we will tell how South tortured West, who had doubled an overhigh call of 6-No Trumps. Only East and West were vulnerable, and the other side was far behind on score. It was an attempt to catch up on points.

♠ 5 4			
♥ Q 7 4			
♦ 9 8			
♣ A Q J 8 4 2			
♠ J 10 9 8			
♥ 10 9 3			
♦ A Q 7 3			
♣ K 10			
♠ A K Q 2			
♥ A K 8			
♦ K J 10 2			
♣ 9 7			

Bidding went: South, 1-Spade; North, 2-Clubs; South, 2-Diamonds; North, 3-Clubs; South, 4-No Trumps, resolved either to force partner to bid a club game or play for a small slam at no trumps; North, 5-No Trumps; South, 6-No Trumps, that West doubled, hoping for two diamond tricks.

The opening lead was a safety—the J of spades, going to declarer's Q. The only thing dreaded by South was the K of clubs in East's hand, and a return lead of diamonds up to West, who doubtless held the major tenace in the suit. In case East held the K of clubs, the J of spades lead probably would make him think it came from K-J-10, and that a spade return was desired. It seemed to South that he might fulfil his contract, or, at worst, go down only a trick.

The 9 of clubs was led. West's 10 covered. Dummy's J held the trick. It was safest to again go through West's hand. The K of hearts afforded entry to declarer's hand. He led his last club and the baleful K was captured by dummy's Ace, leaving the suit established, and the doubled contract assured.

Most players in South's place would have taken the safe dozen of

tricks so temptingly displayed, but South was more ambitious. He wanted a grand slam, if possible. Instead of running off four club tricks, he took his three heart tricks, winning the last one with dummy's Q.

Four club tricks enabled South to discard all his diamonds. West had to let go three of his diamonds, to prevent declarer from running off four spade tricks. When dummy's fourth established club was led West was in a hole. He had to discard his Ace of diamonds, making good dummy's 9, or he had to let go one of his three spades giving South four tricks in that suit. West was squeezed. He knew it and so did every other player at the table. Giving the declarer one doubled trick over contract when West had counted upon defeating the contract by at least on trick was almost more than the doubler could endure politely. South grinned amiably at West as that player let go his 8 of spades, then the declarer spread his three remaining cards, claiming balance of tricks.

Choice of No Trump Leads.

Often it is of great importance to senior (the defender making the opening lead) which of two suits of equal lengths he leads. One lead may defeat the contract while another lead may permit declarer to go game. No infallible rules for choosing the best opening lead in a particular case exist, but there are excellent rules giving opening leads standing the best chances for success. Of course, no rules cover all details, and to-day we have a case of choosing the opening lead at no trumps. Would you lead your fourth-best card from a five-card suit headed by the Ace, or from a five-card suit headed by the Q? That is the problem which confronted West on the hands shown in the next column. He chose the wrong lead and South went game. Should he have known better?

The opening lead was the 3 of spades. East's J lost to declarer's

K. East's Ace of clubs won the second trick, and he took his Q of spades. Had West overtaken with

♠ 7 6 4			
♥ 5 3			
♦ K J 9 4			
♣ K 10 8 6			
♠ A 8 5 3			
♥ 2			
♦ Q 9 8 7			
♣ 4			
♠ 10			
♣ 9 4			
♠ K 10 9			
♥ A J 2			
♦ A Q 3			
♣ Q J 5 3			

his Ace he must have lost a second spade trick to South's 10. Declarer ran off three club tricks. West discarded two hearts. East held his fifth diamond and let go his lowest heart. South could count West's original hand as having been five spades and five hearts. Opening spades showed that West could not have held both K-Q of hearts, or he would have opened that suit in preference to spades.

Then South ran off four diamond tricks. Upon the last one he discarded his last spade. East reduced to K-10 of hearts and his long diamond. South held three hearts. West had the lone Ace of spades and the singly guarded Q of hearts. South had taken eight of the ten tricks played, and his Ace of hearts must win the ninth trick for him.

Had West made an opening lead of his 7 of hearts, saving his certain spade entry to regain the lead, how different the story would have been. No matter how declarer played his hearts he could have stopped that suit only once, just as he did with the opening spade lead. When South had to give East his Ace of clubs, that player, if out of hearts, would have led his Q of spades, putting West in, either on the first or second lead of that suit, according to what South did. The defenders must have won four heart tricks, two spade tricks and the Ace of clubs, putting down the game contract two tricks, because West had followed the rule of opening the suit having the lower top card, reserving the same length suit with the surer card of entry to assist establishing his other suit.

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SECOND DAY

BREEDERS' PLATE, of £1300 Five Furlongs
THE METROPOLITAN, of £5000 One Mile, Five Furlongs

THIRD DAY

CRAVEN PLATE, of £1500 One Mile and a Quarter
(Standard weight-for-age)
GIMCRACK STAKES, of £1300 Five Furlongs

FOURTH DAY

RANDWICK PLATE, of £1000 Two Miles
(Standard weight-for-age)

General Entries for this Meeting. Scratchings for Epsom Handicap, The Metropolitan, A.J.C. Derby (£1), Breeders' Plate (£1) and Gimcrack Stakes (£1) must be made before 4 o'clock p.m. on TUESDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1936.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.